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LETTER

TO THE

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The Labourer is worthy of his Hire.

N. TESTAMENT.

DUBLIN:

Printed in the Year MDCCLV.

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P*****TE.

My LORD,

SINCE I came into the World, my Ambition hath been to diſtinguiſh myſelf as a Writer, with a View of raiſing my Reputation, and of eſtabliſhing my Fortune.

The Eſſays of my Pen, in the Winter of 1752, made a great deal of Noiſe in the political World, particularly my dramatic Performances, although they were never repreſented on any other Theatre than that of the Public. I received univerſal Applauſe for them laſt Summer in my Tour through the Province of *Munſter*; and every Cobler in the City of *Cork* can repeat many of them without Book.

Animated by ſuch Succeſs, in one Part of my Aim, I proceeded with indefatigable Labour, till continual Diſappointments in the other, (our diſbanded Patriots having nothing to beſtow) rendered me more indifferent to that imaginary Good, Applauſe; and leſs patient of that real Evil, Want. The above-mentioned Gentlemen having Truth on their Side, being under no Neceſſity to be at the Expence of hireling Authors, I began to compare my Condition with that

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of ſeveral great Writers both antient and modern; and finding, upon Compariſon, that they had not been better treated than myſelf, I was ſoon led, by my Reflections, to diſcover the true Reaſon of our ill Fortune in the World; I was convinced that both they and I were on a wrong Purſuit, that Stateſmen pay no Reſpect to the greateſt Talents when miſapply'd; and eſteem all Talents to be ſo, which are not employ'd to the Service of their Cauſe.

From the Moment I made this Reflection, I reſolved, my Lord, to demand your PREVIOUS CONSENT to devote my Pen to your Service; and I do it now in this public and moſt ſolemn Manner. Therefore employ me as you pleaſe, I abandon myſelf entirely to you, my Pen is at your Diſpoſal, and my Conſcience is as much in your keeping, as that of any old Lady in her papal Confeſſor's. Like a Lawyer, I am ready to ſupport the Cauſe, in which,

give me Leave to ſuppoſe, that I ſhall be ſoon retained with Ardour; and, if Occaſion be, with Subtilty and Acrimony. Like a *Swiſs*, I will behave myſelf with equal Boldneſs and Fidelity. I will out-lye the *Candid Inquirer*, out-ſophiſticate the *Conſiderer*, and beſpatter faſter than the *Cuſtom-houſe Letter-writer*, I will out-cant the *Haberdaſher*, and for Stupidity excel the *Obſervator*; and, to ſum up all, make no Doubt, in a few Eſſays, to put the *Univerſal Advertiſer* to Flight. My Pen is my Fortune, and I think it as honourable to offer it, as a Voluntier his Sword, without enquiring who I am to engage with. I cancel, at once, all former Obligations and Friendſhip, and will moſt implicitly follow your Lordſhip's Inſtructions, in Panegyric on yourſelf and Friends, in ſatyrizing your Enemies, and in writing for or againſt the ſame Subject, juſt as your Intereſt, or even your Paſſions, may render it expedient.

Whenever

Whenever Morality clashes with the Self-interest of a Statesman, it must, and ought always to be laid aside. This is my private Opinion; and it is no small Comfort to my Conscience, to find the same confirmed by the Practice of your Lordship, the Revd. Dr. *B—tt*, and some other reverend Persons, whose Examples ought to be of greater Weight with me, than that of a wretched Patriot, who starves for the Good of his Country. I shall, therefore, neither shew myself squeamish nor whimsical in pursuing the Enterprize to which I offer my Service; but I shall remain firmly perswaded, that all the moral Vices I may be occasionally guilty of in so good a Course, will, by your Lordship and your Friends, be exalted into political Virtues.

After this plain Account of myself, I hope you will not think me unworthy to be listed in your Service, and

to march among thoſe ſublime Heroes, who may draw their Pens in your Cauſe; of whom I am willing to hope, that you have a greater and an abler Body in Reſerve, than you have hitherto judged proper to bring into the Field; and that thoſe whom your Lordſhip hath already produced, are like the Rabble placed by the *Turks* in the Front of their Army, only in order to waſte the Fury and Powder of the Enemy.

It is evident, that a great Man ſtands in as much need of us public Writers, as we of him: In his Proſperity he can no more ſubſiſt without daily Praiſe, than we without daily Bread; and the further he extends his Views, we are the more neceſſary to his Support. It will fare with his Ambition as with a lofty Tree, which cannot ſhoot its Branches into the Clouds, unleſs its Root work into the Dirt, from which it roſe, on which it ſtands, and by which it is nouriſhed.

If

If a great Man falls into Adverſity, ſhall he take up the Pen in his own Defence? Would not the Caſe be as deplorable for him to be left to write, as for a Prince to be left to fight, in his own Quarrel? Believe me, my Lord, whenever Fortune abandons you, (and who knows but that the next Winter may turn her Scale) thoſe Crouds that attend your Levee — *P——y*, *M—x—ll*, *C—vn—b—m*, the Revd. Dr. *St. J—q B—n*, Dr. *B——tt*, *cum multis aliis*, will vaniſh like Spirits at the Dawn of Day. Few will remain about you but ſuch as may expect ſome eccleſiaſtical Preferment in your own Dioceſs; and we may therefore, next Year, very probably behold you, which would be a pitiful Sight indeed, endeavouring to ſecure a ſafe Retreat at *A——gh*, with only your favourite *C——m* on one Side of you, and your reverend Chaplain *B——tt*, on the other, two groteſque Perſonages, as little fit to ſupport

port the Decline of a great Man, as to adorn his Triumph. In ſuch a Turn as this, you may depend upon my utmoſt Efforts to keep up a Spirit for you; and I make no Doubt of being ſeconded by ſeveral of my Fellow-Writers, ſince I am certain you will not ſcruple to ſhare ſome Part of that Fortune, which your Induſtry hath procured.

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You may, perhaps, after all I have ſaid, be ſtill apt to think that theſe are wild Diſcourſes, which have no other real Foundation but my Deſire of rendering myſelf neceſſary. You may refine too much in your Reflections on my Conduct, and too little on thoſe you make on your own Situation; it is not impoſſible but you may alſo depend too much on your own Vigilance and Dexterity: But I muſt beg Pardon, my Lord, for telling you, that Senſuality deſtroys both the one and the other.

Be not, therefore, diſpleaſed, if a ſincere and zealous Servant rouzes you from that fatal Security, which your Flatterers may happen to betray you into. I admoniſh you, my Lord, not to truſt too much to Appearances; I would not have you flatter yourſelf, that the undiſturbed Quiet you have enjoyed from an haſty Pr-g-t-n is either owing to your own Integrity or political Merit. Know then, that many affirm, that the unhappy *Stewart-like* Method of retarding the evil Day, by not ſuffering the Repreſentatives of the People to proceed with the national Concerns, was hurtful, indecent, and ſhameleſs. They affirm, that ſo unſeaſonable a Proceeding (for, my Lord, this Council lies at your Door) was fooliſh in regard to your own Intereſt; for they add, they were reſolved to lie quiet, till your Mal-adminiſtration ſhould become ſo glaring as to juſtify their Oppoſition, even in his Majeſty's Sight;

Sight; but the Effects of an ill Conſcience unfortunately hurried your Lordſhip ſtrenuouſly to adviſe a Proceeding, more detrimental to the Nation, and more criminal in its Conſequences, than the many Peccadiloes your Enemies could have before charged you with. They flatter themſelves, that as your Lordſhip hath had too full a Swing of Power, you have already done your own Buſineſs.

They are not unacquainted with the Preſumption and Diſtruſt, with the Indiſcretion and Cunning, and with fifty other Contradictions that make up your Lordſhip's Character; and upon theſe they depend upon putting a ſpeedy End to your Power, and this End they imagine to be now at Hand; for thus they argue: Can a Statesman keep his Ground long, who has no other Defence than an implied Confeſſion of his Guilt? Will ſuch a Behaviour be endured in a Nation

Nation hitherto free, and where there remain at leaſt ſome Sparks of Honour and Love of the Country? Theſe, my Lord, and many other Reflections, which, for Brevity ſake, I omit, upon your particular Conduct, are frequently thrown out. But, my Lord, I muſt beg Leave to proceeed a little farther. The Danger of an immediate Invaſion, ſo artfully propagated by a near ſtock-jobbing Relation of yours in *Change-Alley*, and other People in your Pay, I am ſorry to tell you does not ſucceed. Your Friends, indeed, have raiſed a Spirit; but this Spirit turns againſt you. Never were more People in this Country againſt the Intereſt of *France* and the *Pretender* than now. A Zeal for ſupporting the preſent Eſtabliſhment never ran higher in *Ireland*; but this Zeal is not altogether without Knowledge; it is directed to its proper Object, and there is no Poſſibility of leading it hoodwinked to ſerve any other Purpoſes. Some incredulous

Wretches

Wretches there are, who ſmile at this pretended Invaſion, and who content themſelves to reply, that the Machine was very ſeaſonably introduced, and according to the Rules of Art.

It was obſerved, my Lord, that you were vaſtly dejected on the News of your favourite Governor being changed; and much more depreſſed on the Return and unfortunate Embaſſy of your *Potatoe Envoy*, notwithſtanding all the State Quirks, Inventions, and Subterfuges practiſed by him and you, to accompliſh your Schemes of encouraging the ſame Governor to return, or aſſuring his Succeſſor that you were certain of a Majority in your Favour. The high Spirits that you and your Party aſſume at preſent, are alſo thought to ariſe rather from that maſterly Talent of Diſſimulation, in which you are ſo compleatly ſkilled, than from any real Expectation of a Probability of compleating your artful Deſigns.

And

And this your Adverſaries (who, my Lord, are ninety-nine in an hundred) ſeem to be quite convinced is the Caſe, as they cannot imagine, that a Nobleman of his excellent Penetration, good Senſe, and Abilities, who has a natural Intereſt and Connection in this Country, and who, ſince his Arrival, hath undoubtedly taken Pains to inform himſelf of the real Intereſt of his Majeſty and the Kingdom, will be either able or willing to ſupport you; but muſt abandon and ſuffer you to ſink, rather than ſuffer the Nation to groan longer under the Weight of that Calamity and Diſtreſs, occaſioned by the numerous Diſſentions which you have been pleaſed to propagate and introduce.

Upon the whole Matter, your Enemies, my Lord, the Subſtance of whoſe private Converſation I have now honeſtly reported to you, conclude

clude very inſolently that you have filled up the Meaſure of your Iniquity and Folly.

As ſhocking as this Account muſt be to your Ears, I promiſe myſelf, that the Sincerity and Plainneſs with which I have given it will be agreeable to you, and that you will receive into your Boſom a Man, whoſe Affection for your Perſon, and Zeal for your Service, muſt be above all Suſpicion, after giving you Intelligence of ſo high a Nature, without any Stipulation for the Diſcovery.

I expect to hear from you in ſix or eight Days from the Date hereof; if I do not, you ſhall hear again from him, who is,

May it pleaſe your G——e,

Your G——e's

Moſt devoted Servant,

From my Garret,
May 18, 1755.

B. C----KE.